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For 1873.

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A. RICHARD v. ENGLISH.

(Telegraph.)
When men talk of Arab horses as racers they may not be A. but British two-year-olds in the best Arab race in the world at even weights." Such was one of the emphatic words employed by Admiral B. B. Murray, from his pen which met the public eye on the 3rd of June, 1869. Twenty years before the date of this letter there was much discussion in England as to the comparative merits of British and Arabian horses. It was provoked and stimulated by a challenge from the Pasha of Egypt for each to send their best Arab horse as racers to the Jockey Club through the most eminent members—the late Mr. Charles Greville, Mr. Oberon Murray, then British Ambassador in Egypt, wrote word to Mr. Greville, in the autumn of 1849, that "his" Highness the Pasha is convinced that his Arab horses are superior to our English, race horses over a length of ground, and proposes to test their relative merits by a match to be run in Egypt, the distance to be ten miles, the stake £10,000, which, if desired, might be increased to £3,000, no limitation as to age or weight."

The publication of this letter by the columns of "B. B. Murray's" is the first record of any slight amount of controversy and debate. On the one hand, the Jockey Club were but few exceptions, most of the same opinion in 1849 as that entertained by Admiral Bous in 1869. On the other hand, many English officers, with large Oriental experience, stoutly maintained that the Pasha had a dozen horses in his stud which would make Van Tromp or O'Brien—then the two best Arab studs in England—look like the two miles hills when they stood on the top of the cliff.

British officers, however, purchased, purchased by the dozen, passed by the dozen, from the foundation, and make the required exchange from the horse.

A lady asked a very silly Scotch nobleman how it happened that the Scots who came out of their own country were generally speaking more of nobility than those who remained at home? "Oh, Madam," said he, "the reason is obvious. At every other place are persons of all sorts, but here all who pass that for the honor of the country, no one is permitted to leave it who is not a man of understanding." Then said she, "I suppose your lordship was unacquainted."

An ancient Scotch divine happened to die with the learned lawyers of the Edinburgh bar. He was appropriated to himself a large dish of cream, upon which he fed voraciously.

Briskie, wishing to admonish him for his courtesy, remarked, "Doctor, you remind me of the great Nebuchadnezzar in his degradation."

Briskie, after a hearty laugh, went forth a lively tiger, the reverend sage who turned the laugh with the quick retort, "Ay, do I mind you?" Nebuchadnezzar? Doubtless because I was eating among brutes?"

TERIBLE TRAGEDY IN ALGERIA.—The journals of Algiers contain accounts of an extraordinary tragedy at Cherchell, which has resulted in the death of Comte Conti, of the Fourth Zouaves, an ab-officer of the gendarmerie, named Nabil, had been reduced to the rank of sergeant, and, being excited by drink, was heard to threaten his comrades, although no one ventured to have paid any serious attention to what he said. During the evening he commenced a quarrel with a corporal of the corps, and, taking advantage of a moment when the other was sleeping, kicked him violently in the face. The injured man went to procure assistance, and during his absence Nabil armed himself with a musket and bayonet, and then set fire to the stables and to the horses, and, with the intention of burning the barracks. He was soon discovered, and attempts to arrest him, warning Captain Greville, who sent the horse and giving Lieutenant Nabil a bayonet thrust through the thigh; at this moment Comte Conti entered the barrack yard and advanced courageously to secure the criminal, when Nabil, rushing forward, ran him completely through the body, the weapon entering one side above the hip and coming out the other. The unfortunate officer died 48 hours later. The murderer was eventually secured and the fire got under, without any serious damage being done.

Unfortunately, this promising match, after keeping sporting men of all classes on the teetotal戒酒 experiment for many months, was destroyed, in a few days, by nothing.

On the 2nd of February, 1850, the third year of the Jockey Club—when Sir John Hayley, Lord Stanley, and Lord Glaisher, were in the order—was written to inform Mr. Greville that they were "not disposed to recommend the acceptance of the challenge on the part of the Jockey Club." They denied that the match, proposed by His Highness, could be regarded as a test of the worth of the best horses in England.

Egypt, inasmuch as the proposed course seems to be in neither place of speed—not to mention that the probability of accident appeared as great as to make the match less eligible, even as a test of sturdiness.

The Pasha's challenge through the visors of more than a year, and of opinion that it was a great match of the part of the late Lord Elgin and Derby, and of Mr. Murray, to abstain from lifting up the Egyptian flag of battle. During the winter of 1849-50, Van Tromp, Chanticleer, and Cane were all in their prime, nor would anything have been easier than to transport them with our fleet from Marseilles to Alexandria or the Persian and Oriental steamer. We are learning, however, that the steamer and cattle may be conveyed across the ocean, without suffering damage or loss of condition, and a couple of months in Egypt would have taught our three English cocks to gallop the heart out of the Pasha's stud, over any ground or any distance that it suited him to select. We are quite satisfied that no animal in creation could have beaten such horses as Lancer, Bessing, Chanticleer, Sweetmeat, Van Tromp, the Flying Dutchman, or Tiddington over any distance, and not would the superiority of the English horses be unfurnishedly affected by sandy ground. The speed or endurance of a pure-bred Bedouin Arab of the Prophet's breed is generally imputed to the length of his springy pectorals, to the clearness of his respiratory organs, and to his freedom from laesura. But the inferiority in stride which has agitated and again caused Arab horses to be distanced when the race is contested, with every advantage of weight, form, and speed, and the Arab Cups, would tell equally against them if the sand was as it usually is—hard and dry, with the superiority of an English jockey over the Wahabie rider of Cairo who could not be sure to land his horse where the sand was foot-deep.

An experience derived from the last quarter of a century has convinced the existing Khedive that Arab horses have no chance with English animals either upon the Desert or the Road. He is understood, therefore, to have been long since in the process of forming his stud by the addition of English thoroughbred stock; and it is probably from some isolated horse champion that an English horse-racer, named Faliero, whom Sir George Chisholm sent out to Cairo, has just suffered defeat. Further details of the races in which Faliero succumbed to his Egyptian opponents are awaited with some interest by English sportsmen; but it is satisfactory at this moment to remember, in the days employed by Admiral Hone in the letter to Mr. Murray, that two-year-old geldings are not good enough to beat the best two-year-old geldings in the world.

In our judgment, the English horses of Wales spoiled the Egyptians like Moses." It is not necessary for a man to be interested—as is the case with the hyper-sensitive Admiral—by the mere suggestion of the possibility that an Arab might race a horse. If it should turn out that Faliero has been beaten over a five-mile course by some desert-born "crack," the Admiral will probably cannot what he has justly written to Mr. Murray, that "two-year-old geldings are not good enough to beat the best two-year-old geldings in the world."

It is understood that the English horses are as great to-day as ever; but it is only fair that England should be represented at the Derby, not by a runner-racer like Faliero, but by some such first-class champion as Favous. If a fresh challenge were to issue from the Khedive, inviting us to send horses to our own country over ten miles of the desert—say, 100 miles—then Mr. Saville might consider the race, and if he did, he would be fully justified in accepting it. The superiority of the English over the Arabian horse is as great to-day as ever; but it is only fair that England should be represented at the Derby, not by a runner-racer like Faliero, but by some such first-class champion as Favous.

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Extracts.

Oh, trifling tasks, so often done,
Yet ever to be done anew!
Oh, cares, which come with every sun,
Morn after morn, the long years through!
We shrink beneath their pitying sway—
The iron call of every day.

The relentless sense of wasted power,
The tiresome round of little things
Are hard to bear, as hour by hour
It tedious iteration brings;

Who shall evade or who can stay
The small demands of every day?

The boulder in the toad's course
By tide and tempest dashed in vain,
Obeys the will of subtle power,

Scatters the strongest lives away
Beneath the wear of every day.

Who tracks the tiger for his life,
May sound them off as they are award;

Or conquer them in desperate strife—
Yet powerless he to catch or slay

The vexing gouts of every day.

The steady strain that never stops—
Is mightier than the fiercest stock;

The constant fall of water-drops—
Will groan the aching mountain rock;

We feel our nobler power decay,
In feeble wavy over every day.

We rise to meet a heavy blow—
Our souls a sudden heavy fills—

But the drop-by-drop of little ills!

We fall depros and still obey

The hard heels of every day.

The heart which boldly faces death
Upon the battle-field, and dares

Cannon and bayonet, faints beneath

The deadly points of flets and bars;

The stoutest spirits they dismay;

The tiny stings of every day.

And even saints of holy fame,
Whose souls by faith have overcome,

Who were amid the cruel flame,
Bore not without complaint away

The pangs of every day.

Ab, more than martyr's laurels,
And more than saint's heart of fire,

Whose humble strength of soul is rare;

Saint Patience, grant us, if you may,

An added grace for every day.

THE FREEDOM OF MARRIAGE.
A man born to great wealth may—without
injury to himself or friends—do pretty nearly
what he likes in regard to marriage, always
presuming that the wife he selects be of his
own rank. He need not marry for money,
nor need he abstain from marriage because
he can't support a wife without money. And
the very poor man, who has no pretension to
rank, or standing, other than that which
honour may give him, can do the same. His
wife's fortune will consist in the labour
of her hands, and in her ability to assist him
in his home. But between these there is a
middle class of men who, by reason of their
education, are peculiarly susceptible to the
charms of womanhood, but who literally
cannot marry for love, because their earnings
will do no more than support themselves.—
From "The Eustace Diamonds," by Anthony
Trollope.

BECKY SHARP, OUTDONE.
The woman Dyce, arrested on a charge of
fraud in personating the antiques, Mrs.
A. M. Diaz, and discharged through some
dodge in the indictment, was born in Phila-
delphia, of Irish parentage, and was mar-
ried to an Irishman named Diaz in St.
Louis, about twenty years ago. She lost her
place among good women ten years ago, and
her chief determination has been to live with-
out work. Her protector tried to provide
for her by establishing her in a boarding
house, but the first thing that she did was
to have the furniture sold by auction and
spend the money. A place was found for her
to teach in the public schools, but she refused
to teach after two or three days' trial.
Her next resource was to collect funds to buy
tickets for herself and child to return to St.
Louis. She was quite attractive, of slight
figure, with a delicate face. Her story of
being wronged and deserted won the sym-
pathies of many people, and she was on the
eve of her departure for St. Louis for a year
or two, as many gentlemen who hardly
thought it delicate to hand a suffering woman
less than the full amount of her fare would
learn if they were to compare notes. She
interested members of Mr. Beecher's church
in her case at the same time, and a hand-
some wardrobe was provided for her at the
expense of a generous gentleman and his wife
in that congregation. A year ago last summer
she went to New London, Conn., introducing
herself as Mrs. Diaz, authoress of the "Wil-
liam Henry Letters," and received a great
deal of attention. Parties and societies
were given her, and, by representing herself
as a struggling authoress, she got her board
at the Bacon House at a merely nominal
rate. Finding the rôle so successful, she re-
turned to New York to play it more boldly.

Before this, however, she had made the
acquaintance of many literary people here
who will remember their wonder at finding
as they phrased it, "so little in Mrs. Diaz." She
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Georgia, and introduced herself on an assu-
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found that she had been under his roof
about three weeks. Her powers of pleasing
had been so skillfully used that his wife
was won in her admiration of the supposed
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to accept his word that Mrs. Diaz was an
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was in Plymouth. She wrote further to Mrs.
Diaz, and received an answer that the latter
had never been in Brooklyn, and was
deeply grieved to learn that some impostor
was casting discredit on her name. After
being exposed by Mrs. Dupuy, the pretender
tried to find a home at St. Barnabas' House
and the Strangers' Rest, but he failed to find
any respect at either place. She was taken
in at the Strangers' Rest out of pity, and
while there criticized her treatment, saying
that where she usually boarded people showed
her the compliment of giving her a break-
fast in bed, as she was in delicate health.
She found two elderly ladies of the Episcopal
Church, whom she interested by her violent
zeal as a member of the same faith to such
an extent that they provided her with ten
dollars a week out of their slender income.
At the same time she went to a house in
Madison Avenue, giving Mrs. Dupuy's name
as reference, and as she puts it, "the lady of
the house was very happy to give me board
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noyance from the unknown impostor, the
law was set in motion in Mrs. Diaz's behalf,
and the personator was arrested at a Broad-
way hotel, and await her trial at special
sessions.—N. Y. Tribune.

HUMAN LIFE.

Human life! how inspiring, how boundless
the theme! Sadly, wildly has the poet sung
of its calamity, lucidly has the historian traced
its meanderings; earnestly, gravely have the
priest, sage exposed and reproved its
errors from the birth of the race. The
nurse's story depicts it: the scholar's re-
search illustrates: the statesman's harangue
illuminates and exalts.—From the cradle, over
which the young mother bends with a novel
sensation of wondering delight, to the bier,
around which all are melted in the brother-
hood of a common sorrow, this life of ours is
a marvel and a poem.

Are we dwellers in the country? From
that low-roofed cottage a youth is going
forth, with lily heart, to do and dare on the
great battlefield of manly adventure. He has
Someday told you the railway was a bad
thing. That was a lie. It may do a bit of
harm here and there, to this and to that;
and so does the sun in heaven. But the
railway's a good thing." "Ain't good for
the big folks to make money on?" said
old Timothy Cooper, who had stayed behind
turning his hay when the others had been
gone on their sprees: "I've seen lots o' the
things turn up in it. I was a young man o'
the rail, the piece, and the cabbins, and the
old King George, an' the Reg'el, an' the
new King George, an' the new us as has got
a new ne-e-nee—an' it's been all alone to the
poor man. What's the cabbins been t' him?
They 'brought him no mo' at nor be
a'com, not lay to lay, if he didn't have it
a'com'lin' his own inside. Times ha' got
worse for him sin' I was a young man o'
the rail. It'll be the railroads. They'll on'y
leave the poor man furder behind. But then
are fools as meddle, and so I told the chaps
here. This is the big folks' world, this is.
But you're for the big folks, Minister Garfield,
you're—"George Eliot, in "Middlemarch."

Not till the hour of parting has come and
passed, does he feel how heavy the chain he
drags, who goes forth for years from all he
loves on earth: not till the stately branching
elms which overhang the dear spot have
waved their last adieu to his backward
glances; not till the stream, which was the
companion of his boyish pastimes, has bent
away from his frigid course, and buried itself
among the wooded hills, does he feel that he
has shaken off the companionship and sup-
port of his youth, and is utterly alone.

Are we dwellers by the sea-side? Here
the sailor is biding the white canvas for a
voyage—it may be around the world. Be-
fore he shall again drop anchor in the haven
he deems his home, he may, from his vessel's
deck, gaze on the peaks of the Andes, the
suburious flames of Kiratze, or may thread
with his bark the perilous windings of the
forest-matted Oregon, may survey the por-
celain towers of Canton, or the naked site of
Troy, where many ruins have vanished, leaving
no monument of their existence, save in
Homer's undying song.

Here, too, the emigrant is bidding adieu
to the angular land of his birth and his love,
and with his household gods around him, is
seeking on a distant shore a soil on which
his hopes may expand and flourish. There
is sadness, there is anguish in the parting
hour. The tree most carefully transplanted
must lose too many fibres in its native soil;
and the little long dweller in some secluded
valley, who first finds himself confronted
with a thousand leagues of raging brine,
knows well what lie the way to his unknown
future home, may well recoil and shudder at
the prospect.

But the hoarse order to embark is given
and obeyed; the last aunes are looked from
streaming eyes; the vessel swings slowly
from her moorings; the young look out in
wonder on the bleak waste of stormy waters,
and turn inquiringly to those who are per-
haps as young in their sensations as they.
And so wears on the passage; and
anxiety, and trouble, the pilgrim finds that
care rests its eternal burden on man wherever
he is found; that earth has no more an Eden.

What rests it? The same blue heaven
blesses lovingly over all the children of men.
New scenes—new hopes, new prospects
dimly dim the memory of keenest dis-
appointments, of deepest regrets; and the heart,
transplanted, sends out its tendrils in a
new land, and learns to blossom and grow
again. And thus do all of us, each in his
appointed sphere and season, open new chap-
ters in the great volume of Human Life.

There is much of human attainment depen-
dent on circumstance; let us not forget
how much, also, I will not say how little,
depends on essential man. There is a
nearly infinite multitude who live but
to eat bounteously and distantly, with whom
the sum of life is practically to compass the
largest amount of rich viands and gaudy
trappings, with the smallest outlay of effort
or perseverance to procure them. This mass
will be at Rome Romans, at Moscow Russians,
and nothing more.

Alas for us! we are a dwarfed and dis-
torted race! We are but the fragments and
pigmies of what we might and should be?
Here and there we see a judge, a general, a
ruler, perchance a poet, an orator, a pastor,
a homely sould a' whole man! Our excellence,
what there is of it, runs in veins, in scars, in
ziggaz; seldom is it found diffused and
equal.

Could a mental daguerreotype be held up
before us, one on which the fullness and de-
ficiencies of the character should vividly
appear, what deformities and defects should we
not be surprised to discern! far beyond any
ability of paint and patches, of whalebone
and padding, to disguise or conceal. What
indiscreet philanthropists! what uncharitable devotees!

Must we abandon in despair the hope of a
true manhood? Much human virtue be-
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THE DAILY PRESS, MONDAY, MARCH 24TH, 1873.

INSURANCES.

MANCHESTER FIRE INSURANCE COM-
PANY OF MANCHESTER AND
LONDON.

THE Undersigned have been appointed
Agents for the above Company at Hong-
kong, Canton, Foochow, Shanghai, and
Kowloon, and are prepared to grant Insurance at
Current rates.

HOLIDAY, WISH & CO.

H. 1888 Hongkong, 15th October, 1868.

BATAVIA SEA AND FIRE INSURANCE
COMPANY.

HONGKONG, 1st January, 1867.

NOTICE.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

HONGKONG, 1st January, 1867.

THE annual rates for Fire Insurance on the
various classes of Buildings and their con-
tents, viz.—

Detached & semi-detached
Dwelling Houses (removal from
town) and their contents.

Other Dwelling Houses (similarly
situated) and their contents.

Offices and Godowns and their
contents.

such as, and their contents.

Other Risks by Special arrangement.

The following rates will be charged for
SHORE PERIOD Policies against
Not exceeding 10 days 1 per cent.

Not exceeding 1 month 1 per cent.

Not exceeding 3 months 1 per cent.

Not exceeding 6 months 1 per cent.

Not exceeding 12 months 1 per cent.

Not exceeding 18 months 1 per cent.

Not exceeding 24 months 1 per cent.

Not exceeding 30 months 1 per cent.

Not exceeding 36 months 1 per cent.

Not exceeding 42 months 1 per cent.

Not exceeding 48 months 1 per cent.

Not exceeding 54 months 1 per cent.

Not exceeding 60 months 1 per cent.

Not exceeding 66 months 1 per cent.

Not exceeding 72 months 1 per cent.

Not exceeding 78 months 1 per cent.

Not exceeding 84 months 1 per cent.

Not exceeding 90 months 1 per cent.

Not exceeding 96 months 1 per cent.

Not exceeding 102 months 1 per cent.

Not exceeding 108 months 1 per cent.

Not exceeding 114 months 1 per cent.

Not exceeding 120 months 1 per cent.

Not exceeding 126 months 1 per cent.